

When Shane Needs, Ilya Provides

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/77850256) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/77850256>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Heated Rivalry (TV) , Game Changers Series - Rachel Reid
Relationship:	Shane Hollander/Ilya Rozanov
Characters:	Shane Hollander , Ilya Rozanov
Additional Tags:	Autistic Shane Hollander , Oral Fixation , Oral Sex , Underwear , Cock Warming , Gaming , Soft Ilya Rozanov , Cock Worship , Depththroating
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2026-01-17 Words: 7,651 Chapters: 1/1

When Shane Needs, Ilya Provides

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Summary

Shane has a oral fixation and autism that causes him to hyper fixate even more. One night, Shane and Ilya are on their couch at the cottage, Ilya playing video games with his teammates over voice chat and Shane on his phone. When Ilya begins shifting around on the couch, Shane takes notice of the bulge in Ilya's shorts. What follows is Shane desperately needing to satisfy his oral fixation, and Ilya being the greatest boyfriend possible.

Notes

I can't seem to stop thinking about Shane and Ilya. So here is another story that I wrote talking about the oral fixation Shane obviously has. Hope you all enjoy, and thank you for all the kind words! :)

“Blyad!” Ilya’s voice was a sharp, sudden crack in the quiet cottage, his fingers stabbing at the controller. “Maksim, you are a blind cow. He was right there. Right there.”

A tiny burst of laughter and Russian curses fizzed through the headset. Shane flinched, his eyes squeezing shut for a second before he forced them back open, staring at the bright screen of his own phone.

It was the first real Saturday they’d had in weeks. No practice, no media, no flights. Just the two of them and the quiet lake house, the deep, silent dark of the Ontario woods pressing against the windows. Inside, the world was reduced to two end-table lamps casting soft amber pools and the frantic, silent bloom of muzzle flashes and digital blood on the big television. Ilya was shirtless on the far end of the couch, a controller in his hands, a headset clamped over his ears, wearing only a pair of loose black gym shorts that rode low on his hips..

Shane Hollander, curled into the corner of the worn, plush couch, felt the sound and the energy as a physical pressure against his skin. He shifted, pulling the soft, worn fabric of his hoodie’s sleeve over his knuckles. His phone screen glowed in his hands, a rectangle of silent, manageable information—stats from today’s games, a teammate’s new puppy, a recipe for some kind of grain bowl. He scrolled without really seeing, his jaw working rhythmically on the clean, cottony end of his hoodie’s drawstring.

“Got you, you little shit,” Ilya muttered, his fingers clicking rapidly on the controller. He shifted, leaning forward slightly as his character on screen took cover. The movement was small, unconscious.

It was enough.

Shane’s gaze, drifting from his phone, caught the shift. The way the soft, thin fabric of Ilya’s shorts tightened and then relaxed across his lap. The clear, unmistakable outline of him, heavy and soft in his repose, shifting with the motion of his body.

Shane’s chewing stilled. The drawstring fell from his lips.

A familiar, magnetic pull started in his chest, a low hum of focus that narrowed the world down to a single point. The rest of the room—the game’s noise, the lamplight, the scent of the lake on the cool air slipping through the old window frames—all of it receded, fading into a soft, unimportant blur.

The only thing in sharp, hyper-detailed focus was the curve of dark fabric against the tan skin of Ilya’s thigh.

He tried to look back at his phone. He scrolled. A picture of a sunset. Words. They meant nothing. The shapes were just shapes. His attention snapped back, helpless, to the couch beside him. To the gentle swell and the way the light from the TV played over it, highlighting a fold in the material, shadowing a dip.

It wasn't a sexual pull, not exactly. Not in that urgent, demanding way. It was something quieter, more fundamental. A need to observe. To catalog. His therapist had called it a "perseverative interest," part of the texture of his autism. An oral fixation that craved not just taste or sensation, but the concept of something. The shape of a word on his tongue, the smoothness of a worry stone, the specific, perfect weight of Ilya against his lips.

And right now, it was the shape under black cotton.

And the drawstring.

He'd been chewing it, the damp, frayed end resting on his tongue, a steady, rhythmic pressure that helped anchor the buzzing in his head. The game noise was a lot. The sudden movements were a lot. But it was okay. It was their space. He could manage.

Ilya shifted, grunting as his character on screen vaulted over a barrier. The movement jostled the couch. Shane's gaze, almost against his will, flickered away from his phone.

Ilya was stretched out, one leg bent, the other extended. His black gym shorts were loose, the thin fabric tenting slightly over his groin as he settled back. A soft, heavy shape, shifting as he adjusted his weight. Shane's chewing slowed. His focus, scattered and diffuse a moment before, snapped into a single, laser point.

He knew that shape. Knew the weight of it, the warmth, the specific curve. His mouth went dry around the wet string. A familiar, intense pull started low in his gut, a magnetic tug that had nothing to do with thought and everything to do with a deep, tactile need. He needed to press his face there. To nuzzle. To feel the soft cotton and the firmness beneath. To just... be with it. The need was a physical ache, a restless energy in his hands and jaw.

He forced his eyes back to his phone. Scrolled. Don't look. It's rude. He's playing.

Maksim said something sharp through the headset. Ilya laughed, a low, rough sound, and his body shifted again, his free hand coming down to scratch absently at his stomach. The movement made the fabric of his shorts pull and drape differently, outlining the shape more clearly for a fleeting second.

Shane's breath left him in a quiet rush. The phone screen blurred into meaningless color. The need was a drumbeat now, insistent, overwhelming the game's soundtrack and the faint chatter in the headset. It wasn't sexual, not in that heated, urgent way they sometimes shared. This was different. Simpler, yet more profound. A compulsion to connect, to soothe the buzzing in his own system with a specific, trusted texture and presence. His oral fixation, usually sated by a string or a straw or the rim of a water bottle, now screamed for something else entirely.

Just look, the thought barged in. It's just looking. He won't mind.

But looking wasn't enough. Looking made the need worse.

He watched the screen for another minute, two, his heart thumping a nervous rhythm against his ribs. Ilya was fully engrossed, his brow furrowed, his lips moving silently with the game's

strategy. Shane felt invisible, and that gave him a sliver of courage.

With a final, decisive chew on the string, he set his phone down on the cushion beside him. The soft thump was lost under a burst of digital gunfire. He didn't look at Ilya's face, didn't want to break the spell or invite a question he couldn't answer with words.

Instead, he moved slowly, deliberately, unfolding his legs. He turned and lowered himself onto his stomach on the long couch, the leather cool against his cheek for a moment before he inched forward. He pillowed his head carefully on the warm, firm plane of Ilya's lower abdomen, just beside his hip bone. The skin was smooth, slightly damp with heat from the game, and he could feel the subtle flex of muscle underneath as Ilya breathed.

From here, his world narrowed to a single, beautiful point.

The bulge in the black shorts was right at his eye level, a hand's breadth away. In the dim, shifting light from the TV, he could study it. The way the fabric curved, a gentle, insistent arc. The way it settled, heavy and full, against Ilya's thigh. The soft shadows it created. He traced the lines with his eyes, committing the silhouette to memory. It was... fascinating. A grounding, solid presence in the chaotic sensory soup of the evening.

He let out a slow, quiet breath, the tension in his shoulders beginning to melt. The frantic need in his jaw softened, replaced by a deep, focused calm. This was right. This was where he needed to be.

For a few seconds, Ilya didn't react. Then, a calloused thumb brushed over Shane's temple, smoothing back his hair. The touch was absent, automatic, a silent acknowledgment. Ilya's hand stayed there, a warm, heavy weight, his fingers combing gently through Shane's hair once, twice.

"Da, da, ya idu," Ilya muttered into his microphone, his voice a low rumble that vibrated through his body and into Shane's ear. The hand lifted from Shane's hair, returning to the controller.

But he hadn't pushed him away. Hadn't asked what he was doing. Hadn't broken the silence with a joke or a question. He'd just... accepted it. Understood it, in that wordless way he sometimes did.

Shane felt a wave of something warm and liquid spill through his chest. Gratitude. Affection. A profound sense of being known. He nuzzled his cheek a fraction closer against Ilya's skin, inhaling the clean scent of his soap and the underlying, familiar musk of him.

On screen, the game continued its violent ballet. Ilya cursed in Russian, then barked a laugh. "Got him! You see that, mudak?"

Shane didn't see. His universe was here. The steady rise and fall of Ilya's stomach under his cheek. The hypnotic curve so close to his face. He watched, mesmerized, as a particularly sharp movement from Ilya made the shape shift, the fabric tightening for a moment before settling back into its soft drape. A faint, traitorous thought whispered of how the cotton would feel between his teeth. Not to bite, never to hurt. Just to hold. To anchor himself.

He suppressed a shiver.

Ilya's free hand drifted down again, not to the controller this time, but to rest on the back of Shane's head. His fingers curled loosely into Shane's hair, not guiding, not demanding, just there. A point of contact.

"Yobanny v rot," Ilya sighed into his headset, a tired, fond insult for his teammate. His thumb stroked the short hairs at the nape of Shane's neck. The touch sent a cascade of gentle sparks down Shane's spine.

Shane's lips parted. He wasn't chewing anything now, but his jaw worked slightly, imagining the give of the fabric, the warmth he knew was just beneath. His breath ghosted over the thin material, and he saw, or perhaps imagined, a subtle response—a slight twitch, a rearrangement of weight.

His own body reacted, a slow, deep heat kindling low in his belly, different from the sharp compulsion of before. This was a simmer, not a boil. A promise of something later, when the game was off and the headsets were put away and the only light came from the moon on the lake.

He wanted to turn his head, to press an open-mouthed kiss against that curve through the cotton. He didn't. The tension was too perfect, too sweet. The knowledge that he could, that Ilya would probably just sigh and card his fingers through his hair again, was almost better than the act itself.

For now, it was enough to just look. To want. To be allowed to want, openly and quietly, without explanation.

The television screen exploded with another burst of silent gunfire, painting Ilya's torso in flashes of orange and white. Shane's world had shrunk to the space between the couch cushion and the soft black fabric inches from his nose. The rhythm of Ilya's breathing, the faint tremor in his thigh when he reacted to the game, the distant, tinny echo of his teammates' voices—it was all background music to the slow, consuming study happening in Shane's head.

He watched, utterly captivated, as Ilya shifted to lean forward, elbows on his knees, controller gripped tight. The movement changed everything. The loose drape of the shorts tightened, pulled taut by the position, outlining the shape beneath with a new, breathtaking clarity. It was no longer just a soft suggestion. It was a defined, heavy curve, pressed against the inside of Ilya's thigh.

Shane's fingers, which had been curled loosely near his own chin, twitched.

The need to touch wasn't a thought; it was a current running from his brain directly to his fingertips. It bypassed all the usual social filters, the little voice that usually whispered don't, he's busy, wait. That voice was drowned out by a louder, more insistent hum: Look. See. Feel.

Slowly, as if moving through thick syrup, Shane lifted his hand. He let his index finger extend, the tip hovering just a millimeter above the dark cotton, tracing the air over the prominent shape. Down the gentle slope, around the pronounced crown, following the seam where fabric met skin. His own breathing shallowed, syncing with the focused intensity of his gaze.

Ilya didn't flinch. He let out a gruff, "Nyet, Maks, you go left, I cover," and his hand came down from the controller, landing heavily on the back of Shane's head again. His fingers speared into Shane's hair, a warm, grounding pressure. Permission. An anchor.

Encouraged, Shane let his finger finally make contact. He traced the outline through the fabric, a feather-light touch from top to base. The material was whisper-thin, almost silky. He could feel the heat radiating from underneath, and the firm, yielding resistance of the flesh beneath. A soft sigh escaped him, fogging the cotton for a second.

The drawstring of his hoodie was forgotten, a poor substitute for the reality under his hand.

His focus narrowed further, zeroing in on the waistband of Ilya's shorts, where it sat low on his hipbones. A reckless, compelling idea took root. It wasn't about undressing Ilya, not really. It was about seeing the next layer. About confirming the texture he knew was there. The memory surfaced, crisp and vivid, washing over the sensory present.

The mall. Fluorescent lights humming overhead, a sound that already set his teeth on edge. Ilya's hand, warm and sure, on the small of his back, guiding him past racks of jeans and polos. "Here," Ilya had said, his voice a low rumble near Shane's ear. "We need new ones. You help me pick."

Shane had felt a hot flush creep up his neck. The underwear section was brightly lit, glaring, public. He'd wanted to stare at the floor. "Ilya, I don't..."

"Shh." Ilya had pulled a packet off a shelf, holding up a pair of grey boxer briefs. "Feel this." He'd taken Shane's hand, ignoring his slight resistance, and pressed his fingers against the fabric sample on the package. It was incredibly soft. A fine, brushed cotton that felt like cool smoke against his skin. "See?" Ilya's thumb had stroked over Shane's knuckles. "For when your brain gets... loud. For when you need to focus on something good. Something quiet. Yes?"

He'd understood then. This wasn't just shopping. It was Ilya building him a safety net, stitching comfort into the very clothes he wore. They'd bought three packs of the grey Calvin Kleins. "So you always know," Ilya had murmured later, tucking the bags into their closet, "what's underneath. No surprises. Just soft."

Back on the couch, Shane's heart hammered against his ribs. Just soft. The words were a mantra. His fingers, still tracing, hooked into the loose elastic of the waistband.

He glanced up. Ilya's profile was stern, lit by the screen, his full attention on the digital battle. His jaw was tight, but the hand in Shane's hair was gentle, rhythmic in its petting.

Shane tugged. Just a little.

The black gym shorts slid down a fraction, revealing a strip of tanned hip. He paused, his own breath loud in his ears. No reaction from Ilya but a slight, almost imperceptible shift of his weight, settling deeper into the couch.

Shane tugged again, slowly, inch by careful inch. More hipbone. The sharp V of his pelvis. Then, the first glimpse of grey. The soft, heather-grey fabric of the boxer briefs, hugging Ilya's skin, cut high on the thigh. Exactly as he remembered. Exactly as promised.

He let the shorts slide down until they were bunched just below the curve of Ilya's ass, the black fabric a dark pool against the lighter leather of the couch. Now, his entire field of vision was filled with the grey underwear, taut and revealing. The shape was unmistakable, beautifully outlined by the supple cotton. It was a fuller, more detailed map than the shorts had offered. He could see the defined head, the thick shaft resting heavily against Ilya's leg, the way the fabric strained just a little at the tip.

A low, appreciative sound vibrated in Shane's throat. He brought his hand back, using his whole palm now to smooth over the covered length, feeling its heat and weight. He pressed gently, and felt it give, then firm up in response. Ilya's stomach muscles clenched under Shane's cheek.

"Bozhe moi," Ilya hissed into the microphone, but the curse lacked its usual gaming fervor. It was tighter, more strained.

Shane barely heard it. He was mapping the territory with his fingertips, circling the dampening spot at the very tip of the outline. A small, dark patch of grey, a shade deeper than the rest, was slowly blooming right where the fabric would be stretched over the crown of Ilya's cock. As he watched, fascinated, the patch grew wetter, a tiny bead of moisture soaking through the weave from underneath.

Precum.

The sight triggered something automatic, deeply ingrained. His oral fixation, usually sated by benign objects, now had a target that pulsed with life and scent and Ilya. The salty, musky taste he knew so well was right there, seeping through the soft cotton.

Thought dissolved into impulse.

He leaned forward, his nose brushing the damp spot. He inhaled, and the scent—clean skin, warm cotton, and that uniquely Ilya musk—flooded his senses, calming and exciting him all at once. His lips parted.

He didn't kiss so much as he placed his mouth over the damp patch, letting his lips mold to the shape beneath. The cotton was warm and slightly humid against his mouth. He applied the slightest suction, his tongue pressing flat against the fabric.

The taste was immediate. A faint, clean saltiness, filtered through cotton. It was perfect.

Shane keeps his mouth there, a soft, warm pressure over the damp cotton. The taste is faint but distinct—clean salt and the deeper, more familiar essence of Ilya's skin. It seeps through

the fabric, onto his tongue, and something in his chest loosens. The restless, buzzing energy that had been humming under his skin all evening quiets to a low, manageable thrum. His jaw relaxes. His eyes slip shut.

He just breathes through his nose, the scent of warm skin and laundry detergent filling his senses. He suckles gently, not for any effect on Ilya, but for the steady, rhythmic sensation it gives him. The soft cotton between his lips, the firm shape beneath. It's an anchor. A point of absolute focus in the dim, chaotic room.

Ilya's hand stays in his hair, fingers occasionally flexing, stroking his scalp. It's not a guiding hand, not a demand. It's just there. A connection. On the television, another explosion flashes, and Ilya's body jolts slightly with a sharp controller input. A low curse in Russian vibrates through his torso and into Shane's ear.

"Maksim, I swear to God, if you run into that open field again..." Ilya's voice is rough, but it's the rough of concentration, not irritation. It's the same voice he uses barking drills on the ice.

Shane smiles against the fabric. He knows this. He knows the difference. He loves knowing the difference.

He continues his lazy, worshipful attention. His tongue traces slow circles over the wet patch, feeling it grow warmer, slightly larger. His own body responds with a slow, heavy warmth low in his belly, a pleasant simmer that has nothing to do with urgency and everything to do with deep, satisfied wanting. He could stay here for hours. He wants to stay here for hours.

Minutes stretch and blur. The only measures of time are the sporadic bursts of game audio, the faint crackle of the headset, and the steady rise and fall of Ilya's stomach under his cheek. Shane's world narrows to a perfect, contained universe: the heat under his lips, the weight of Ilya's hand, the soft sound of his breathing.

But the taste... the taste is a siren call. It's waking up a different part of his fixation. The cotton is a filter, a barrier. The saltiness is muted, teasing. The part of his brain that craves input, that needs the full, unfiltered sensory data, begins to stir. The quiet worship isn't enough anymore. A sharper, more specific hunger coils in his gut.

He needs the source.

He turns his head, just enough to press his cheek against Ilya's lower belly and look up. Ilya's gaze is locked on the screen, his brow furrowed, lips parted slightly. The blue light from the television plays over the sharp planes of his face, the strong line of his jaw. Shane watches him for a long moment, gathering his nerve.

Then, he nudges his nose against Ilya's hip bone. A quiet, wordless question.

Ilya's eyes flick down. Just for a second. A fraction of a second where his focus shifts from the digital warzone to the man lying in his lap. Their eyes meet. Ilya's are dark, intense, but there's a softness in them, an acknowledgment. He gives a tiny, almost imperceptible nod. It's not a grand gesture. It's a blink-and-you'll-miss-it tilt of his chin. But Shane sees it. He

knows that look. It's the look Ilya gives him across the locker room when he's had a rough period and needs a quiet moment after. It's the look that says I see you. Go ahead.

Permission.

Shane lets out a shaky breath he didn't know he was holding. He turns back, his heart hammering now for a new reason. The compulsion is back, but it's a clear, direct path. His fingers, which had been resting on Ilya's thigh, move to the waistband of the grey boxer briefs.

The elastic is soft, snug. He hooks his thumbs under it. He glances up once more, but Ilya's attention is back on the game, his fingers flying over the controller. The only sign he's aware is the slight, deliberate expansion of his chest as he takes a deeper breath.

Shane pulls down, slowly.

The grey fabric rolls over Ilya's hips, revealing a trail of dark hair leading down from his navel. Then, the base of his cock comes into view, thick and heavy against his thigh. Shane's mouth goes dry. He keeps pulling, the soft material sliding down, down, until it's bunched just above Ilya's knees, leaving him completely exposed from the waist down.

The air in the room feels cooler suddenly, a contrast to the heat now radiating from Ilya's skin. Shane stares, his brain going quiet in a different way. The hyper-analysis of shapes and fabrics stops. Now, it's just pure, awestruck observation.

Ilya is... gorgeous. Fully soft, but impressively full, his cock lying heavily against his leg. The head is a darker shade, flushed and perfect, curved just so. As Shane watches, a clear, glistening bead wells up at the very tip, clinging there, catching the flickering light from the TV.

Shane forgets to breathe.

It's mesmerizing. The slow emergence of that droplet, the way it swells, trembling, before finally succumbing to gravity and sliding a silvery path down the side. It's a direct, physical proof of Ilya's arousal, of his quiet participation in this. He's not just tolerating Shane's fixation; his body is answering it.

The need to taste it, really taste it, is overwhelming.

Moving as if in a dream, Shane reaches out a single finger. He brings it to the tip, touching it to the fresh bead of pre-cum. It's warm. Slick. He smears it gently across the smooth head, watching the way the moisture glistens. He pulls his finger back, a thin, translucent string stretching briefly between his skin and Ilya's before breaking.

He brings his finger to his lips.

He tastes.

Pure, clean salt. Concentrated. Undiluted by fabric. It's Ilya, in his most essential form. The flavor bursts across his tongue, and a soft, helpless noise escapes him. It's better than

anything. It's the answer to a question he's been asking with his whole body all night.

His gaze drops back to Ilya's cock. The bead has already been replaced, another one forming. An invitation.

Shane doesn't hesitate this time. He leans in, his breath ghosting over the damp skin. He doesn't take it all in his mouth, not yet. That feels too big, too demanding for this slow, quiet space. Instead, he closes his lips over just the head, suckling gently.

The taste explodes, richer now, mixed with the unique, musky scent of Ilya's skin. It's warm and alive on his tongue. He moans, the sound muffled, vibrating against Ilya's flesh. His eyes drift shut again, all his focus funneling into this single point of contact: the smooth, firm crown against his lips, the salty warmth flooding his mouth, the weight of Ilya against his tongue.

His free hand, which had been lying idle, finds its own purpose. It drifts lower, cupping the heavy fullness of Ilya's balls. They're warm and soft in his grasp, a perfect, grounding weight. He massages them gently, his fingers learning their shape and texture, while his mouth continues its lazy, devoted attention to Ilya's cock.

Ilya's reaction is a symphony of subtle tells. His breathing, which had been steady, hitches once, then evens out into a deeper, slower rhythm. The hand in Shane's hair tightens its grip fractionally, the fingers curling in just a bit more. Under Shane's cheek, the muscles of Ilya's stomach tense, then slowly release.

On the television, a character dies with a shouted curse.

"Yob tvoyu mat'," Ilya growls into the microphone, but his voice is thick, strained. It's not the sharp anger of a lost firefight. It's the sound of a man trying desperately to hold onto one thread of concentration while another, far more potent thread is being pulled taut in his lap.

"You okay, Rozanov?" Maksim's voice, tinny and concerned, leaks from the headset. "You sound... weird."

"I am fine," Ilya grits out, his Russian accent thickening under the strain. "Someone is... distracting the cat."

Shane almost smiles again. The cat. Ilya's old, ridiculous nickname for him when he gets clingy or fixated. A warmth that has nothing to do with arousal spreads through Shane's chest. He's not a burden. He's a distraction. A welcome one.

He sucks a little harder, letting his tongue swirl around the tip. The response is immediate. Ilya's cock twitches against his lips, filling out just a bit more, growing warmer. Another pulse of pre-cum lands on Shane's tongue. He swallows it, craving it.

This is his paradise. The sensory noise of the world—the too-bright lights, the sudden sounds, the press of social expectations—it's all gone. His mind is quiet. There is only the taste of salt, the feel of soft skin and firm muscle under his lips and hands, the scent of the

man he loves, the sound of his ragged breathing and the distant, meaningless chatter of a video game.

He loves these moments. The moments where his brain, usually a tangled knot of overthinking and hyper-awareness, finally unwinds. The moments where his quirks aren't something to manage or mask, but are the very pathway to connection. Ilya doesn't just accept this; he facilitates it. He provides the safe, stable ground where Shane's fixation can bloom from a nervous habit into an act of intimacy.

Shane shifts, nuzzling closer. He releases the head with a soft, wet pop and instead presses a line of open-mouthed kisses down the length of the shaft. He's not trying to arouse, not really. He's exploring. He's mapping. His tongue traces the prominent vein on the underside. His lips brush the coarse hair at the base. He inhales, filling his lungs with Ilya's scent.

His own sweatpants feel tight, uncomfortable. Arousal is a steady, low heat in his own groin, but it's secondary. It's a background hum to the main event, which is this profound, consuming focus.

He takes Ilya back into his mouth, deeper this time, letting the thick weight rest on his tongue. He doesn't move, doesn't bob his head. He just holds him there, savoring the fullness, the heat, the absolute reality of it.

Ilya is panting now. The controller clicks frantically. "Maks—cover the—the right side, for fuck's sake—"

"You're not even moving, man!" Maksim's laugh is loud in the headset. "What are you doing over there?"

Ilya doesn't answer. His hips give a tiny, involuntary jerk, pushing his cock a little deeper into Shane's mouth. It's not a thrust. It's a tremor. A loss of control.

Shane's eyes fly open. That tiny movement sends a jolt of pure electricity straight through him. Ilya is losing his composure. The unflappable, focused Ilya, who can tune out a screaming arena, is coming undone under his mouth. The knowledge is intoxicating.

He begins to move then, slowly, a gentle, sucking rhythm. Up and down, just an inch or two, his tongue pressing flat against the sensitive underside. His hand on Ilya's balls squeezes gently in time.

Ilya's cursing becomes a stream of breathless, hybrid Russian-English. "Blyad... oh, fuck... Shane..." The last name is a whisper, meant for him alone, swallowed by the microphone's noise-canceling.

The game is forgotten. The teammates are forgotten. There is only the wet, hot suction of Shane's mouth, the rough scrape of his calloused palms, the overwhelming sensation gathering at the base of Ilya's spine. Ilya's free hand claws at the couch cushion, the tendons in his forearm standing out. His head falls back against the cushions, his throat working as he struggles to stay quiet.

Shane can feel it, the tension coiling tighter and tighter. He can taste the increase in the salty fluid leaking onto his tongue. He speeds up just a fraction, his own breathing coming in ragged pants through his nose. He wants this. He wants to feel Ilya come apart because of him, because of this, because of the way Shane needs him.

It's close. So close. Ilya is trembling, his thighs tense, his stomach a hard, rigid plane under Shane's head. The sounds from the headset are a distant buzz.

"Ilya! Ilya, you're just standing there! What the hell?"

Maksim's voice, sharp and confused, cuts through the haze.

Ilya's eyes snap open. He stares at the screen, where his character is motionless, taking enemy fire. Reality crashes back in with the sudden, garish sound of digital bullets.

With a Herculean effort, Ilya tenses every muscle. His hand flies from Shane's hair and slams onto the controller. His character on screen dives for cover.

"Pizdets!" he barks, his voice ragged but forcefully loud. "My... my controller disconnected. For a second."

Shane goes still, his mouth still full, his eyes wide. The spell is broken, but the connection isn't. The need isn't. Ilya is still aching hard against his tongue, his body strung tight as a wire.

Ilya's other hand finds its way back to Shane's head, not stroking now, but pressing down, holding him in place. It's not a harsh grip. It's a plea. A desperate, silent communication.

Don't stop.

But not yet.

We're not alone.

Shane understands. He stays perfectly still, letting Ilya regain his breath, watching the rapid rise and fall of his chest. On screen, Ilya's character is miraculously still alive, firing back with renewed, almost furious intensity.

"Disconnected, my ass," Maksim laughs, but he sounds relieved. "You were probably grabbing a beer. We're pushing their last point. Get your head in the game, Rozanov."

"My head," Ilya says, his voice still rough, "is exactly where it needs to be."

His thumb strokes the shell of Shane's ear, a tiny, intimate gesture hidden from the world. Shane closes his eyes again. The urgency has receded, replaced once more by that deep, meditative calm. He keeps his mouth where it is, a soft, warm haven, his tongue gently laving the tip. He's not pushing for an end. He's just... maintaining. Preserving this perfect, secret space they've carved out of a Saturday night.

The game sounds ramp up, a final, chaotic assault. Ilya's body is tense with two kinds of focus now: the dwindling battle on screen, and the endless, waiting pleasure in his lap. Shane can feel the war between them in every twitch of muscle, every controlled breath.

He loves it. He could stay here, balanced on this knife-edge of anticipation, forever.

The television erupts in a fanfare of victory music. Maksim whoops. "Yes! Told you we'd clutch it! Even with you AFK, old man."

Ilya lets out a long, slow breath. It sounds like relief. Like release. He drops the controller onto the couch beside him with a soft thud. His other hand, the one not tangled in Shane's hair, comes up and pulls the headset off, dropping it carelessly on the cushion. The sudden absence of the tinny, distant voices leaves the room in a ringing, intimate quiet.

The only sounds now are the hum of the TV's menu screen, the soft crackle of the old lamps, and their own breathing.

Ilya looks down. His eyes are dark, liquid with want and something else—something tender and fierce all at once. His hand slides from Shane's hair to cradle his jaw.

"Okay," Ilya murmurs, his voice a low, raw scrape in the silence. "Now they are gone."

The silence after the headset hits the cushion is profound. It rings in Shane's ears, fuller than any game audio. He blinks, his mouth still wrapped around the head of Ilya's cock, the taste of salt and skin anchoring him to the moment.

Ilya's thumb strokes his jawline, the touch impossibly gentle against the faint stubble. His other hand comes up to brush the hair from Shane's forehead. His eyes are dark, pupils blown wide, reflecting the flickering blue of the idle TV screen. There's a rawness there Shane rarely sees—the fierce, competitive athlete stripped down to something softer, more vulnerable.

"Okay," Ilya repeats, his voice a low, warm rumble that vibrates through his body and into Shane's. "Now they are gone."

The words aren't a command. They're a key turning in a lock. A boundary dissolved.

The permission he'd given before was for exploration, for quiet worship. This is different. This is an invitation to consume.

Shane feels the shift inside himself. The meditative calm sharpens into a focused, humming intent. He wants to repay this. For the patience, for the understanding, for the way Ilya had held the entire world at bay just so Shane could find his center in the soft cotton of his shorts. It wasn't a transaction, not ever, but the need to give Ilya this same all-consuming focus burns bright and clean in his chest.

He pulls back slowly, letting Ilya's cock slip from his lips with a soft, wet sound that seems deafening in the quiet room. He looks up the long line of Ilya's torso, meeting his gaze. Ilya's lips are parted, his breathing still uneven. He doesn't look away.

Shane lowers his head again. This time, he doesn't hesitate.

He opens his mouth wider, letting his tongue flatten, and takes Ilya in, deeper than before. The thick weight settles on his tongue, filling his mouth perfectly. He closes his lips around the shaft and swallows reflexively, the muscles of his throat working against the intrusion. The sensation is intense, overwhelming in the best way. It grounds him completely.

A low, rough groan tears from Ilya's throat. His head falls back against the cushions, exposing the strong column of his neck. The hand on Shane's jaw slides back into his hair, fingers curling, not to guide, but to feel. To confirm this is real.

Shane begins to move.

He sets a slow, steady rhythm, bobbing his head in a measured cadence. Up, letting the tip brush the back of his throat. Down, until his lips meet the base. His world narrows to the slide of skin against his tongue, the salty taste flooding his senses, the scent of Ilya's skin and sweat filling his nose. His own arousal is a distant thrum, a secondary pleasure. The primary one is this—the act of giving, of using his fixation as a gift.

His free hand finds Ilya's thigh, gripping the hard muscle there. He can feel the tremors starting, the fine vibrations of Ilya fighting to stay still, to let Shane set the pace.

“Bozhe...” Ilya whispers to the ceiling, the word a shattered prayer.

Shane hears the strain, the beautiful, breaking tension. It fuels him. He picks up the pace, the movements becoming more fervent, more insistent. His cheeks hollow as he sucks harder on the upstroke, his tongue swirling around the head every time he reaches the top. The wet, slick sounds of his mouth working fill the room, a private, intimate music.

Ilya's composure unravels by degrees.

His breathing turns into ragged pants. His hips, which had been so still, begin to give tiny, involuntary lifts, meeting Shane's descent. It's not thrusting, not really. It's a loss of control, a physical plea for more, for deeper. The hand in Shane's hair tightens, the grip firm but not painful—a lifeline.

“Shane... kotik... I can't...” Ilya's voice is wrecked, a mix of Russian and English, all sense of language dissolving into pure feeling.

Shane just hums in response, the vibration earning him a full-body shudder from Ilya. He redoubles his efforts, his jaw starting to ache in a way that feels good, earned. He wants this. He wants to feel Ilya come completely undone. He wants to be the reason.

He can sense the edge approaching. Ilya's cock feels harder, thicker, pulsing against his tongue. The taste changes, intensifies, the pre-cum flowing more freely. Ilya's stomach muscles are rigid as stone under Shane's other hand, which has crept up to splay across his abs. His thighs are trembling.

Ilya is murmuring in Russian now, a continuous, desperate stream of words Shane only half-understands—endearments, curses, pleas. The sounds are beautiful, raw, and utterly private.

The grip on his head becomes almost frantic. “Ya... ya sdelayu eto...”

Shane understands. I’m going to.

He doesn’t pull away. He deepens his rhythm, taking Ilya as far as he can, his nose pressed into the coarse hair at the base. He closes his eyes and gives himself over completely to the sensation, to the taste, to the man trembling beneath him.

Ilya’s whole body goes taut, a bowstring pulled to its limit. A broken, choked-off cry escapes him.

Then release.

It hits Shane’s throat in a hot, sudden rush. The sheer volume is, as always, a surprise—a flood of warmth that spills over his tongue, rich and salty and uniquely Ilya. He swallows instinctively, gulping it down, his throat working. Another pulse follows, and another, each one drawing another shattered groan from Ilya above him.

Shane keeps his mouth sealed tight, milking every last drop with gentle suction, savoring the taste, the warmth, the profound intimacy of it. This is the most direct connection possible, and his brain, usually so noisy, is silent, peaceful, full.

Ilya’s body sags into the couch, boneless, all the tension pouring out of him in one long, trembling exhale. His hand in Shane’s hair gentles, stroking weakly.

Shane doesn’t move. He holds Ilya in his mouth, softening now, until the pulses stop and the last of the warmth is gone. Only then does he slowly, carefully, pull off, releasing the spent cock with a soft, audible pop that seems to echo in the quiet.

He rests his cheek on Ilya’s thigh, catching his breath. His lips feel swollen, tingling. The taste of Ilya lingers on his tongue, a pleasant, grounding aftertaste.

For a long moment, there is only the sound of their breathing, slowly syncing.

Then, movement. Ilya shifts, pushing himself up on one elbow. He looks down at Shane, his expression dazed, soft, full of a wonder that makes Shane’s chest feel tight. Wordlessly, Ilya reaches and finds the TV remote. A click, and the blue glow winks out, plunging the room into the softer, warmer light of the two table lamps.

The change is immediate. The last remnant of the outside world is gone. It’s just them, in their cottage, in their pool of lamplight.

Ilya’s hands come up, cradling Shane’s face. His thumbs stroke over Shane’s cheekbones, wiping away a stray bit of moisture. His gaze searches Shane’s, intense and tender.

“Come here,” Ilya murmurs, his voice hoarse.

He tugs gently, and Shane lets himself be pulled up, maneuvering until he's straddling Ilya's lap, facing him. Ilya's arms wrap around him, holding him close. Shane can feel the frantic beat of Ilya's heart slowing against his own chest.

Ilya leans in and kisses him.

It's gentle. Infinitely gentle. A soft press of lips that tastes of salt and Shane and them. It's a reconnection, a re-establishment of the world outside the singular focus of the last hour. Shane melts into it, his hands coming up to rest on Ilya's shoulders. The rough fabric of the couch is against his knees, Ilya's warm skin under his palms, the faint, clean scent of him everywhere.

When Ilya pulls back, just an inch, their foreheads touch. His eyes are so close, the dark lashes fluttering.

"Are you okay?" Ilya asks, the words breathed into the space between them. "Do you need... anything else?"

Shane knows what he's asking. If the fixation is sated. If the buzzing need for sensory input is quiet, or if it's shifted to something new.

He shakes his head slowly, a small, sure movement. His voice, when it comes, is quiet but clear. "No. I got what I needed."

A smile, small and real, touches Ilya's lips. "Good."

He kisses Shane again, this one lingering, sweeter. A punctuation mark.

Then, in one smooth, effortless motion, Ilya's arms tighten around him. He stands, lifting Shane with him as if he weighs nothing. Shane lets out a soft gasp, his arms looping around his neck. He's being carried bridal-style, cradled against Ilya's bare chest.

Ilya takes two steps to the nearest lamp, clicks it off. Another two steps, the second lamp goes dark. The room is left in near-total darkness, save for the silvery moonlight beginning to stream through the large windows overlooking the lake.

Ilya carries him through the cottage, down the short hall. Their bedroom door is already open. Moonlight washes in here, too, painting the hardwood floors in stripes of pale blue and silver. The lake outside is a sheet of black glass, reflecting the stars and the crescent moon, sending shifting, watery patterns across the ceiling.

Ilya doesn't put him down right away. He stands in the middle of the room, holding Shane, just looking at him in the monochrome light. His expression is unreadable, but his eyes are warm.

Slowly, he lowers Shane until his feet touch the floor. But his hands don't leave. They go to the hem of Shane's hoodie.

"Let's get you comfortable," Ilya says, his voice a low murmur.

He pulls the hoodie up and over Shane's head, letting it drop soundlessly to the floor. The cool night air kisses Shane's skin, raising goosebumps. Ilya's hands are warm as they slide to the waistband of Shane's sweatpants, pushing them down over his hips. Shane steps out of them, standing there in just his black briefs, feeling exposed and safe all at once.

Ilya's gaze travels over him, a slow, appreciative sweep in the moonlight. He doesn't speak. He just takes Shane's hand and leads him the last few steps to the bed. The sheets are cool as Shane slides between them.

He watches as Ilya walks to his dresser, his silhouette tall and powerful against the moonlit window. He pulls open a drawer, the sound soft in the quiet. He takes out a pair of underwear—white boxer briefs—and steps into them, pulling them up over his hips. The simple, domestic act feels incredibly intimate.

Then Ilya is crossing the room, the floorboards creaking softly under his weight. He lifts the covers and slides into bed beside Shane, his body radiating heat.

Immediately, he turns onto his side, facing Shane. He opens his arm. An invitation.

Shane doesn't hesitate. He turns, pressing his back against Ilya's front, sinking into the familiar position. Ilya's arm settles around his waist, pulling him close. His other arm tucks under Shane's head, a pillow. Ilya's chest is a solid, warm wall against his back. His breath stirs the hair at the nape of Shane's neck.

"Spokoynoy nochi, kotik," Ilya whispers into his skin. Good night.

Shane makes a soft, contented sound in reply. He covers Ilya's hand on his stomach with his own, lacing their fingers together.

The exhaustion of the day—the quiet tension, the intense focus, the emotional peak—settles over him like a heavy, comfortable blanket. His limbs feel loose, his mind blissfully empty of everything but the feeling of Ilya surrounding him. The scent of their laundry detergent, Ilya's skin, the faint, clean smell of the lake air.

Outside, the trees rustle in a faint breeze, a soothing, rhythmic whisper. The water laps gently against the shore. The moonlight continues its slow dance across the ceiling, the reflected patterns from the lake shifting like liquid silver.

Shane's breathing deepens, syncing with Ilya's. The steady rise and fall of the chest behind him is the most reliable metronome in the world. The hand in his is warm and sure.

He feels Ilya's lips press a soft, sleepy kiss to his shoulder. Then, the even rhythm of Ilya's breathing turns slower, deeper, signaling his descent into sleep.

Safe. Held. Understood.

Shane's last conscious thought is a simple one: the drawstring of his hoodie was a poor substitute, indeed. For this. For him.

His eyes close. The moonlight paints his eyelids a soft red. The lake murmurs its endless, gentle song.

In the darkness, wrapped in the warmth of the man he loves, Shane Hollander sleeps.

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